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33.—Sunday Evening with the Secularists.
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38.—Taking Holy Orders under Bishop Lee.
38.—A Children's Chapel (Rusholme Road Independent).
39.—The Swedenborgians (Rev. John Hyde).
41.—St. Mary's, Hulme (Rev. F. C. Woodhouse.)
41 —The Stowell Memorial Church.
42.—Birch Church (Rev. Canon Anson).
43.—An Evening with the Christian Brethren.
45.—Manchester Cathedral.
45.—Sale Independent Chapel (Rev. Edward Morris).
46.—The German Church, Greenheys.
47.—Ritualism in Manchester (St. John Baptist's).
48.—St. Saviour's Church Rev W. F. Birch).
50.—The Rev. J. A. Gardiner (Presbyterian).
51.—Church Music in Manchester (Holy Trinity, Hulme, and the Jesuit Church).
52.—A Morning with the Baptists (Rev. H. J. Betts).
53.—The Church of the Ascension (Rev. C. T. Watson).
53.—Northen Churchyard.
54.—The Wesleyan College, Didsbury.
55.—St. Michael's and its Rector (Rev. G. S. Allen).
58.—Great Fast of the Jews.
59.—Deserted Churches: 1. St. Clement's.
60.—The Rev. J. A. Macfadyen.
61.—Deserted Churches: 2. St. Mary's.
62.—The Rev. G. W. Conder.
65.—Deserted Churches: 3. Sacred Trinity, Salford.
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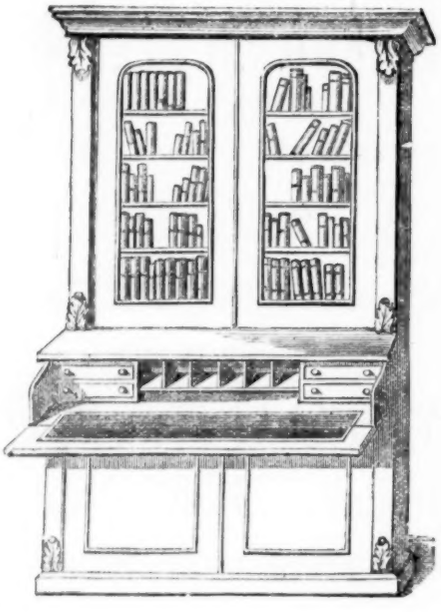

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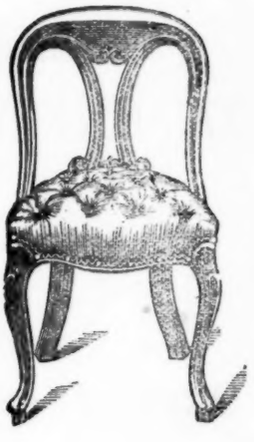

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[LANCASHIRE WORTHIES.]

THE INVENTOR OF THE SPINNING MULE.

THE Mule, invented by Samuel Crompton, has contributed more than any other single machine to the progress of the cotton manufacture, though the inventor himself reaped but a scanty reward for the ingenuity which helped to enrich his county and his country. Of the three men, indeed, who may be grouped together as the originators of modern cotton-spinning, Arkwright alone accumulated wealth; and even as regards posthumous fame he has distanced his contemporaries, Hargreaves and Crompton. Yet as an inventor Sir Richard was probably inferior to either of them, however superior to both in the skill with which he improved, combined, and utilized the inventions of others, and in that faculty of managing men and organizing labour which fitted him to become the founder of our factory system. There are, as the French say, inventors and inventors; just as there are poets and poets. Stalwart, shrewd, and worldly Sir Walter Scott did not differ more from the shy and morbid Cowper than the burly, pushing, and not over-scrupulous Arkwright from the shrinking and sensitive Crompton, whose rather sad story now falls to be told.

He was the only son of a small farmer at Firwood, near Bolton, where he was born, on the 3rd of December, 1753. His father and mother conjoined—as was then common—petty manufacturing with their petty agriculture, and in the intervals of farm business they carded, spun, and wove, finding a market for their wares in Bolton, a town long famous for its fustians and other heavy fabrics. When Crompton was born, Bolton had a population of little more than 5,000, and was still called Bolton-in-the-Moors, from the marshy waste by which it was surrounded, and most of which, thanks partly to Crompton himself, is now covered with mills and houses. In the production of the fustians and so forth, which were the staple commodities of the place, Bolton was partly dependant on the North of Ireland, whence came the linen and yarn for the warps, which the cotton-spinning resources of the district were not able to supply of proper strength. Once a week there was a market for unbleached goods, the products of the town and neighbourhood. Buyers from Manchester and London were in attendance, while, says the late Mr. Gilbert J. French, in his excellent monograph of Crompton, "the fustians, herring-bones, cross-overs, quiltings, dimities, and other goods, were carried to market by the small manufacturers (who were for the most part equally small farmers) in wallet balanced over one shoulder, while on the other arm there was often hung a basket of fresh butter." As time wore on, and with an increase in the demand for cotton goods, or goods of flax and cotton mixed, the weaving power of Lancashire far outran its spinning power. Fifteen years before the birth of Crompton, the productive power of the handloom-weaver had been multiplied by John Kay of Bury's invention of the fly-shuttle, while nothing was done to facilitate the supply of yarn. At last, in 1767, when Crompton was fourteen, James Hargreaves invented the spinning-jenny—almost the first notable improvement in the ordinary spinning-wheel—and two years later Arkwright took out his first patent for spinning by rollers. But the yarn produced by the jenny was too soft for warps, and Arkwright's famous water-twist was not fine enough for more delicate fabrics, and there was a growing demand for those of English make to compete at a cheaper rate with the costly muslins imported from India. "The demand for fine cotton goods of various kinds was so considerable that the weavers, for the sake of high wages, were stimulated to make great exertions; these, however, were perpetually impeded by the scarcity of yarn for weft, which often kept them idle for half their time, or compelled them to collect it from the cottagers in such small quantities as single or even half ounces." It was the business of Crompton to discover ways and means of adjusting the supply of yarn by the spinner to the demands of the busy weaver.

When he was five years old, his parents removed with him to occupy a portion of a quaint old mansion, rather romantically situated, about a mile from Bolton, and called, from the trees which surrounded it, Hall-in-the-Wood. The removal was quickly followed by the death of the father, a worthy, pious, church-going, organ-loving, and even organ-building man. The mother, too, was an excellent and superior woman, so much respected that, even in those days of subjection of the sex, she was appointed overseer of the poor for her township. She seems to have been well qualified for the office in one respect, for she was evidently of a disposition somewhat austere and rigorous, loving her son, indeed, but all the more on that account not sparing the rod, and chastening him betimes. One fancies that this sort of training must have aggravated anything that was morbid in a quiet, sensitive boy, who at home lived a very solitary life. His mother sent him to a good school in Bolton, where he made fair progress under a master who taught him arithmetic, algebra, and geometry well, and he took kindly to studies of this sort. From his childhood he was accustomed to help his mother (who was far from rich) in her humble manufacturing operations, and probably "his little legs became accustomed to the loom almost as soon as they were long enough to touch the treadles." As he grew up his mother kept him close to his work, and insisted, like a wicked fairy tormenting a captive princess, that he should do a certain stint every day. Except this strict mother, the only inmate of their section of the quaint old lonely mansion seems to have been a lame uncle, who never left his one room, and whose life oscillated between his bed and his loom. Poor Crompton's chief solace was his fiddle, made by himself; until at last there awoke within him the genius of mechanical invention, and then, indeed, even if it had been within his reach, other society than his own became a thing to be shunned rather than courted.

Years before this, Crompton was accustomed to spin with the jenny invented by Hargreaves, who, as a reward for his ingenuity, had been driven from his native county by an influential noble. He knew by painful experience the defects, for weaving purposes, of the yarn thus produced, and he began to revolve schemes for a better and more productive machine. Of Arkwright, who had been a barber near him in Bolton, and of Arkwright's patent and the wonderful new mill and machinery at Cromford, Crompton seems to have known little or nothing when, in 1774, at the age of 21, he commenced his first tentative experiments. But spinning by rollers, though Arkwright was the first to make it reproductive, had been talked of and tried for many years, ever since Louis Paul's patent of 1738. Crompton engrafted rollers of his own contrivance on the spinning-jenny of Hargreaves, hence, from its composite character, his new machine was designated the mule. "But the great and important invention," of which he received no hint from predecessor or contemporary, "was his spindle-carriage, and the principle of the thread's having no strain upon it until it was completed. The carriage with the spindles could, by the movement of the hand and knee, recede just as the rollers delivered out the elongated thread in a soft state, so that it would allow of a considerable stretch before the thread had to encounter the stress of winding on the spindle." Crompton's mule was fitted to produce yarns of every range of quality, whether for warp or weft. It was more versatile than Arkwright's spinning machinery, unlike which, too, it did not require extraneous motive power, but could be worked as easily as the jenny in any ordinary room. Five whole years were passed by Crompton in bringing the mule, even in its first rude form, to maturity. It was only his leisure time that he could devote to it, and when he first worked at it through the night, the noises heard and lights seen at unusual times and places in the Old Hall made the neighbourhood think that it was haunted. His chief tools were his clasp-knife and a few that had survived his father's attempts at amateur organ-building. What little money he could spare was devoted to the purchase of more, and he occasionally added to his earnings by fiddling in the orchestra of the Bolton Theatre, receiving for remuneration the sum of eighteenpence a night. At last, all his difficulties were overcome, and his mule was finished and in operation. In the very year of its completion, riotous mobs were once more scouring the country to destroy spinning jennies, and Crompton had every inducement to work in the greatest concealment. But a secret like his, or the secret that he

had a secret, could not long be hid. With his very success, the unfortunate inventor's troubles began.

He had married and settled with his wife in a little cottage near the Old Hall, one or two rooms of which he still rented, and in them the young couple commenced spinning, with the new machine, "counts" higher and better than had yet been known. The quantities produced were small, but Crompton could obtain his own price for them, and his yarn soon became the envy of surrounding spinners. The demand for it fast outstripped the supply, and the Old Hall was besieged by crowds bent on discovering the mystery. Recourse was had to every sort of espionage. People climbed up on ladders to look at him through the window, and when he baffled this curiosity by interposing a screen, "one inquisitive adventurer is said to have ensconced himself for some days in the cock-loft, where he watched Samuel at work through a gimlet-hole pierced through the ceiling." Arkwright himself came over from his Cromford mill, and, while Crompton was absent, paid a "surreptitious visit" to the Old Hall, in which he was aided by a female friend of Mrs. Crompton's, the said friend being the aunt of Arkwright's wife. It is a pity that the two had not met, as possibly some partnership might have been the result, which must have prospered with Arkwright a member of the firm. As it was, worried out of his life by prying and intrusion, without the means to patent his invention, without energy enough to apply to others for aid in procuring a patent, Crompton, in an evil hour, yielded to the pressure put upon him, and consented to divulge his secret and give up his machine to the public. His compensation was a subscription entered into by neighbouring manufacturers, the gross receipts of which amounted to the magnificent sum of £106, just as much—to quote his own long subsequent lament—"as built me a new machine with only four spindles more than the one I had given up—the old one having forty-eight, the new fifty-two spindles."

This was in 1780. In 1811, an enquiry set on foot resulted in proving that 70,000 persons were then engaged in spinning on the mule which Crompton had invented, and 150,000 more in weaving the yarn thus spun, while about two-thirds of the entire amount of steam-power employed in cotton-spinning was then applied to turning Crompton's mule-spindles, and at least four-fifths of the cotton cloth bleached in the principal works of Lancashire was woven from yarn spun on mules. Crompton's own progress during these one and twenty years had been indifferent. As soon as he had given up his machine to the public, the subscriptions ceased to come in, a shabby treachery which, for other than financial reasons, embittered the susceptible inventor. From the Old Hall he had removed to a little farm two miles from Bolton, and thence again (in 1791) to Bolton itself. His yarns and muslins were the best in the market, but he had been soured and depressed by disappointment, and this had so intensified his natural shyness as to make him the worst of bargainers. "When he attended the Manchester Exchange to sell his yarns or muslins, and any rough-and-ready manufacturer ventured to offer him a less price than he had asked, he would invariably wrap up his samples, put them into his pocket, and quietly walk away." For years he jogged on, comparatively poor amid the enormous wealth which he had helped to create, but managing by industry and frugality to bring up respectably a rather numerous family. He cultivated, too, his music, and was a leader at amateur concerts and practisings, taking great interest in a Swedenborgian chapel at Bolton, of which he had become a member, and for the choir of which he composed several tolerable hymn-tunes. At the beginning of the present century, a little gleam of sunshine seemed about to irradiate his path, but what he had grown to consider his usual ill-luck continued to pursue him. Some kind-hearted Manchester man, contrasting his position with his services to the cotton trade, promoted a subscription for his benefit, Arkwright's millionaire son and successor contributing thirty guineas, with the remark that "Mr. Crompton had been his most bitter rival, as he had superseded the machine of his father's invention in all the finer numbers of yarn." As soon as the scheme was started, however, a season of commercial and other depression set in, and only some four or five hundred pounds were realized, which enabled him to rent another storey in Bolton for his spinning operations. Eleven years afterwards, with five sons grown up and to be settled in business, Crompton really bestirred himself for once, and travelled through the kingdom collecting the statistics of mule-spinning as the basis of an appeal to parliament for a national reward to himself like that which had just been bestowed on Cartwright, the inventor of the power-loom. Men of position and influence in and out of parliament took the matter up with warmth, and the petition urging national compensation for his services was referred to a not unfriendly committee of the House of Commons. Their report was favourable, and Crompton himself was in London asserting his claims, though, with his usual shyness, he did as much as he could by letter, and as little as possible in person. Spencer Percival, then Prime Minister, was very well disposed towards him, and had just announced to a group of which Crompton was one, standing in the lobby of the house, that the ministers meant to propose a reward of £20 000, when he himself was assassinated by Bellingham. In cutting short the Prime Minister's life, Bellingham's pistol cut down Crompton's reward, and after the death of his powerful well-wisher, the vote was reduced to £5,000. Poor Crompton's disappointment was increased and himself additionally soured by a report that some one, high in office, had said contemptuously, when his claims were being discussed, "Give the man £100 a year, it will be as much as he can drink."

After this blow to his hopes—his own estimate of what was due to him had gone as high as £50,000—nothing went well with the ill-fated inventor. He added bleaching, at Over Darwen, to his other business, but the enterprise failed. When his sons dispersed, he was left alone with his old trade, and began to invent once again, this time mechanism for weaving new patterns in fancy muslins, but as soon as they were produced they were pirated. His wife had long been dead, and a widowed daughter whom he took home to keep house for him turned out the worst of managers. As old age crept on, Crompton sank into penury, and though the most abstemious of men when the offensive taunt already recorded was uttered, there seems no doubt that latterly he took refuge from care and sorrow in the bottle. Some Bolton friends bought him, in 1824, a small annuity, which he did not live long to enjoy, dying in his seventy-fifth year, on the 26th of June, 1827. In his prime Crompton is said to have been singularly handsome, with contemplative features and deep-set eyes. His Mule, gradually improved into its present "self-acting" form, will probably keep his name and fame alive while cotton spinning endures. Singular characteristic of the career of a memorable Lancashire man, Samuel Crompton seems to have failed in life chiefly from a want of—push!

BILLIARDS.

COOK'S MATCH WITH GREEN.

WHEN Cook played the series of matches in Lancashire that created so great a sensation throughout the county, and indeed throughout England, he accomplished feats that had never been performed before, and raised himself to the highest point of that hill which he has devoted his life to climb. A hundred and thirteen consecutive spot strokes and three hundred and fifty-nine in a break, sounded, in the ears of those who know the game, as something incredible, and throughout the length and breadth of the land men wondered at the marvellous performance. Few of us thought that we should ever see that remarkable feat surpassed; yet since then Cook has excelled himself, and has gone beyond that point which was imagined to be even his limit. In one match he has since scored 367 in a break; in another 388, including 119 consecutive spot-strokes; and in a third he has made the extraordinary break of 395. Whether he will ever reach the 500 break, to which we are told he aspires, is very doubtful, but so rapidly is he extending himself that we do not think he has yet touched the line beyond which he is not to go. It may be easily imagined that the play of one who has so suddenly become famous has been very freely discussed, and although there are few who do not accord him the place of honour now, yet there are many who attribute his success to his skill in playing the spot-stroke, and who yet doubt the superiority of his all-round game. In our mind, however, that doubt does not exist. We believe that among living men he has no compeer, and that as a player of the English game he is the greatest of all time. And yet he has only just passed into manhood. Three and twenty years ago the revêille that awakens us to the battle of life had not awakened him. Twelve months ago he was comparatively unknown out of London; to-day he wears the laurel and stands alone.

BRITISH MUSEUM

The match between Cook and Green, played at the Clock billiard rooms, Market Street, was an interesting one, and was well attended. Opinions were somewhat divided as to Cook's ability to concede three hundred points in a thousand to a player of Green's calibre, and as it was the first time they had played together, the contest possessed unusual interest. Soon after half-past seven, Green gave the inevitable miss in baulk; his opponent returned the compliment by playing under the cushion. Cook's first break of forty-one was followed by another of fifty-two, and before Green had scored twenty, Cook had gained a hundred back from the three hundred he had given. After Green had made a beautifully played all-round break of forty-five, which was his greatest of the evening, Cook added thirty-eight and sixty-three to his score, and the game then stood, Green 380, Cook 229. Cook, after scoring thirty-two and forty-nine, executed a fine break of one hundred and five, in which the spot stroke formed an unimportant feature. At the interval the game was called, Green 633, Cook 500. On play being resumed, it was evident that the struggle would be a short one. Both players settled down in earnest to finish the task before them. Cook commenced with a fifty-six, and then followed with a splendid break of one hundred and fifty three, half of which was composed of the spot-stroke. Green's chief scores from this point were, thirty-three, twenty-seven and thirty-seven; Cook's, fifty-two, twenty-nine, thirty-one and thirty-three. Before Green had reached his seventh hundred, his opponent had overtaken him, and he was ultimately beaten by one hundred and fifteen points. Green bore his defeat like a man who expected it, but who did his best to avert it.

In the real tug of war Cook's play becomes brilliant in the extreme, and large breaks follow each other very rapidly. In this game he scored about eight hundred out of the thousand in breaks of over thirty, and five hundred in breaks of over fifty. The spot-stroke he seemed to avoid in several cases where he could have secured it. Indeed, he appears determined to prove, by his splendid all-round play, that those who class him as a man dependent on his spot-stroke hazards for victory class him wrongly. The manner in which he executes losing hazards, and the exactness with which he plays the ball into position, is perfectly wonderful. Until he is sure of victory he seldom attempts fancy shots, but confines himself to the simplest he can find. When, however, there is nothing but a fancy shot left, and a miss is not the game, he plays it with so much ease and accuracy that we wonder what he *cannot* do. Like many other great players, he plays a great deal without side, when it is not actually necessary, and, when placing his ball in baulk for a losing hazard, he invariably places it at such an angle that no side is required. He plays a great deal from the middle of the ball, seldom strikes hard, and, before striking, seems to fix on the exact position each ball will occupy after it has ceased rolling. In this playing for position we do not think he has an equal. In all-round play those who do not believe in him are deceived in him. In his match with Roberts, jun., at the Gresham, St. Mary's Gate, the previous evening, he would have convinced the world, had the world been present, by his wonderful all-round break of 219, which included only eight consecutive spot-hazards; and he who can take the laurel from his brow, in all-round play, will deserve to wear it.

Cook looks a few years older than he really is. His light whiskers and dark brown hair form that curious contrast we often see on young men who were golden-haired children. His face wears an expression of weariness. When he smiles he seems to smile somewhat painfully, and after the smile has passed away the look of weariness returns. No one would take him for a billiard player, much less for the greatest player that the world has ever seen. Meet him in a counting-house, and you would think he was a rising clerk; meet him in a scene of fast life and dissipation, and you would wonder what had brought him there, and would think to yourself how glad he would be to escape into the pure air, away from the impure rioting. Out of the billiard room, and in the company of his friends, he is quiet and unassuming in manner, and appears to be well liked.

Cook before the interval in a match and Cook after are very different men. He seldom throws full power into the first half of the game, and consequently does not appear at his best; indeed, he is often disappointing. In the latter part, however, he grows earnest in his work, and scores with a rapidity that is perfectly astonishing. The spectators watch in breathless silence stroke after stroke in his long breaks, made with machine-like accuracy, and apparently with perfect ease, and when the score is called at the conclusion of the break, there is an uncontrollable burst of applause that is in itself a reward.

Green is tall, and well made, and has dark brown hair, beard, and moustache; his eyes are full and lustrous, and the expression on his face indicates a love of humour. He has a good honest genial smile, and plays very good temperedly. Meet him elsewhere, and you would imagine he could handle the crayon better than the cue. There is a look of the artist about him, but nothing that suggests the professional billiard player. Yet he is the finest player in Lancashire, and is second to none in style. His position is always graceful and firm. He has a delicate feeling stroke, somewhat similar to Cook's, but he holds his cue less in the middle of his hand, and seems to play more from the first finger and thumb. He has a long reach, plays well from the left, and seldom requires the rest. He plays an excellent all-round game, does not avoid the spot-stroke but does not lead up to it, has a very good knowledge of strength, and plays well for position, although in this he is not equal to his opponent. Some of his cannons round the table were beautifully executed, and his losing hazards were almost as good as they could be. Still he is no match for Cook, who holds him perfectly safe at three hundred points in a thousand, and whenever they meet again on these terms the result we think will be the same.

WEATHER NOTES.

THE weather has been very variable during the last fortnight. At one time mild and warm, then a deluge of rain, succeeded by hard frost, snow storms, and dense fogs. The tax-gathering season has set in with unusual severity. The mercury has been many degrees below zero in domestic financial circles. Mr. Lowe has been soundly rated, as well as the tax-payers, and a good deal of money in the shape of licences has gone to the dogs. The streets have been in a perfect muddle, and the minds of the tax-payers and collectors in much the same state. The Albert Square reservoir has been well replenished with water, and every one has been able to paddle his own canoe in it with perfect safety. It is in contemplation to rename it the Black Sea, and it is rumoured that the Mayor, who is said to be a skilful angler, is adopting measures to have it stocked with fish, for the benefit of the cabmen who are turning their driving whips into fishing rods. The inhabitants of Broughton and the lower parts of Salford have had intermittent fits of excitement for fear of floods. In case of a flood assuming a very threatening aspect, a scheme has been devised for blowing up Broughton Bridge, where the first serious stoppage to the current takes place. This would at one let the water out and send it down for the benefit of the Manchester corporation. The Broughtonians are gradually adapting themselves to the manners and customs of the Egyptians, and accommodating themselves to circumstances. They have received some valuable hints from the mayors of Manchester and Salford, the result of their late travels in Egypt. They have ceased to manure their fields and gardens, leaving that to the Irwell, which, like the Nile, after an overflow, leaves a rich fertilizing ooze and sludge behind it, at the expense of dining and drawing-room carpets and other articles of domestic furniture, which, however, are of little use in a civilized community. It is in contemplation to introduce a breed of alligators into the river, and a few walruses and hippopotami, and it is expected that they will become acclimatized, and find congenial haunts amid the swamps in the lower grounds of Peel Park, and form an additional attraction to that place of recreation. Offers have been made to Mr. Knowles for his collection of alligators and crocodiles which are now officiating in the pantomime at the Theatre Royal. In the present dearth of cotton, the attention of the authorities has been drawn by the late members for Salford, Mr. John Cheetham, to the capabilities of the soil for growing the plant. In the course of time the deficiency may be remedied, and Messrs. Langworthy and other cotton-spinning firms may calculate upon a supply of good Egyptian cotton grown at their own doors. Several citizens are laying out their back slums for this purpose. Mr. Cawley, M.P., is appointed chief consulting engineer to the scheme, and Mr. Charley, M.P., is looking after all the spinning Jennys, with whom he is very popular. The heavy gales of last week did much damage. Chimney stacks and tiles and hats were blown about in all directions. In the dress circle of the Prince's Theatre it

blew a gale, and Sou-Westers and pilot coats were in request. The fashionable evening dress at this otherwise comfortable house, is top-coats for gentlemen worn with the collars turned up above the ears, and, among the ladies, opera cloaks have been supplemented by warm woollen plaid shawls worn over the neck and shoulders. Chignons as large as hay-stacks have also been in vogue, and are found serviceable in keeping off some of the draughts. A severe thunder-storm took place at the Theatre Royal. It was caused by the rattling of a lot of peas in long tin tubes in the flies, but was kept in complete control by the stage-manager. When Mr. Calvert revives *King Lear* at the Prince's, that bereaved monarch's speech, "Blow winds and crack your cheeks," will be found to be exceedingly appropriate. Christmas bills have been very abundant, and so, we regret to say, have been the bills of mortality in both Manchester and Salford.

ON THE WAY TO TOWN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

Mr. JONES: A gentleman with unbounded confidence in everybody's views but his own, and having a great respect for Mr. Smith.

Mr. SMITH: A gentleman with no confidence whatever in anybody's views except his own, and having a supreme contempt for Mr. Jones.

JONES. Good morning, Mr. Smith.

SMITH. Good morning, Mr. Jones. *(Awkward pause.)*

JONES. Trade good?

SMITH. No.

JONES. Trade bad?

SMITH. No.

JONES *(getting nervous)*. Trade indifferent?

SMITH. No.

JONES *(got nervous)*. How then?

SMITH. No trade at all. *(More awkward pause.)*

JONES *(thinking it a safe remark)*. You're walking down this morning.

SMITH. Well, I'm not walking down last night.

JONES *(thinking it wasn't such a safe remark, after all)*. No, of course not. *(Most awkward pause.)* Tramways soon, I suppose.

SMITH. Tramways soon, I am certain.

JONES. Just what the *Sphinx* says!—*(suddenly stops, and becomes apprehensive)*—Read the *Sphinx*?

SMITH. Of course.

JONES *(much relieved)*. Of course, of course. But the *City News*—*(wonders whether Smith reads the* City News)

SMITH. Well, what about the *City News*?

JONES. Why, the Rambler pitches into the *Sphinx*—I mean impugns the *Sphinx*—I mean a writer in the *Sphinx*—*(loses the thread of his discourse)*

SMITH. For likening opposers of tramways to Mrs. Partington arresting the Atlantic with a mop, and implies that the analogy is bad because private companies aren't like the Atlantic.

JONES. Just so. Exactly so. I quite agree with him.

SMITH. I don't.

JONES. Neither do I.

SMITH. The *Sphinx* didn't mean that private companies were comparable to the Atlantic. The *Sphinx* isn't an ass.

JONES. Certainly not.

SMITH. The *Sphinx* meant the march of progress was like the Atlantic—the course of science—the onward tendency of things—the—the—*(flourishing his walking-stick)*—the—the—I beg your pardon, sir. I didn't mean to knock your hat off.

JONES *(after picking up head covering)*. Go to the recent meeting for erecting a memorial to Lord Derby?

SMITH *(waxing wroth immediately)*. Sir, I did. Sir, I was kept waiting at that meeting for an hour. Sir, who for? Sir, for that Romaine Callender, jun., and that J. W. Maclure!

JONES *(very frightened, and wishing he hadn't broached the subject)*. Bless me! Do you say so? What a shame! And did they come at last?

SMITH. Sir, they had that impudence. They actually had the inconsiderate effrontery to come at last.

JONES *(feeling called upon to say something)*. In a cab?

SMITH. No sir. In a perspiration.

JONES. Oh. *(Doesn't know whether to laugh or not; thinks he'd better not. Pause.)*

SMITH. Ever see J. W. Maclure in a perspiration?

JONES. No. Did you?

SMITH. Never saw him out of one.

JONES *(having a great respect for Mr. J. W. Maclure, changes the subject)*. Been to the pantomimes?

SMITH. No. Pantomimes are not worth seeing nowadays.

JONES. Indeed! The newspapers appear to say the Prince's—

SMITH. Shows great enterprise and taste. Of course. They always do. So it does. But enterprise and taste don't satisfy one. What one wants in a pantomime is fun.

JONES. Precisely. Wants—in the sense of requiring.

SMITH. And wants—in the sense of not getting. Hardly a laugh in the performance.

JONES. *(tentatively)*. Wainwright good?

SMITH. Wainwright very good.

JONES *(encouraged by success)*. Leitch good?

SMITH. Good, but conventional.

JONES. Oh, very conventional.

SMITH. Prince's ought to know better.

JONES *(with alacrity)*. Oh, it ought.

SMITH. Than what?

JONES *(much confused)*. Why, than—

SMITH. Than to have its pantomimes written by a London man.

JONES. Just what I meant! *(Oh, Jones!)*

SMITH. How can *he* write a good pantomime? How can *he* make local jokes? How can *he* be locally satirical?

JONES. He can't.

SMITH. And the consequence is, he doesn't, and he isn't. And a pantomime without local allusions isn't half a pantomime.

JONES. Not a quarter.

SMITH. Local pantomimes ought to be written by local men.

JONES. No doubt about it.

SMITH. There *was* a time when we had pantomimes that *were* pantomimes.

JONES. But that is past and gone. *(Only last night he said it was, without exception, the best pantomime he'd ever seen. Pause.)* A little thick on Monday—wasn't it?

SMITH. I never notice the weather. What have you just given that crossing-sweeper?

JONES *(alarmed)*. A penny.

SMITH. You ought to know better.

JONES. Wouldn't you have given him anything?

SMITH. Yes.

JONES *(afraid he has been mean)*. Twopence?

SMITH *(with effusion)*. No!

JONES *(afraid he has been lavish)*. A halfpenny?

SMITH. No!

JONES *(desperate)*. What would you have given him, then?

SMITH. In charge.—Good morning.

(Exeunt severally: Smith to make money—Jones to lose it.)

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE NEW REFORM CLUB.

PREPARATIONS are at length in progress for the erection of the proposed new Reform Club in Spring Gardens, King-street, and Brown-street. The site, which comprises one thousand yards, has been surrounded by a hoarding; and, as was said of Newall's Buildings two years and a half ago, so now,

> The clanging crow-bar rings the pile's decay,
> The busy labourers make their work complete;
> Daily the well-known building glides away,
> And space and brightness grow upon the street.

Although the building is not historic, nor particularly "well-known," as was that named after one Newall, it deserves to be remembered as the original home of the world-renowned *Bradshaw's Guide*. The Reform Club Building Company, upon whose responsibility the new

edifice is undertaken, intend to build so as to let the basement and ground-floor stories for warehouse and office purposes, and to retain the upper floors for the club. Nominally the capital of the company is £60,000, and it is understood that at least one half of the amount has already been subscribed, in shares of ten pounds each. The building is to be Gothic, and the architects are Messrs. Salomons and Jones.

HEINE AND THE ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

Sir,—In an article in your last issue, entitled "Bimini," by J. Stores Smith, the following passage occurs:—"I, an English Catholic, offered up a prayer for him who perhaps more than any other nineteenth-century man of genius hated the English (? nation) and the Catholic Church." By thus placing "the English" and "the Catholic Church" in juxtaposition it would be made to appear as though Heine's sentiments with regard to both were of an identical instead of a totally distinct kind, or as if he hated the English on account of any supposed connection with the Catholic Church, or *vice versa*. The truth is this, Heine was a cynic as well as a satirist; he was eccentric, and the English, being of a shy demeanour and a quiet, reserved attitude, appearing eccentric abroad, he abused them, but not nearly in the degree that he disparaged himself. If he chided them, it was because they had the appearance to him of being cold and narrow-minded, and it was his nature to chide indiscriminately. He respected them notwithstanding, especially for their Protestantism, though the latter in his judgment no doubt partook too much of sentimentality. He did not hate the Ten Commandments nor the Sermon on the Mount. He hated Pharisaism. He did not hate Judaism (he was a Jew) nor Christianity (he became a Christian at 25 years of age), but he did dislike what remained of Paganism and what was superadded after, and what became afterwards Jewish ceremonialism and Roman Catholicism.
—Yours respectfully,

ONE WHO KNEW SOMETHING OF H. HEINE.

Manchester, 10th January.

THE PICTURE SALES AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Despite the depressed state of trade and the merely average character of the collection, about one hundred of the pictures exhibited at the Royal Institution, which closed on Saturday last, were sold during the season, and the sum received for them amounted to nearly £2,000. We should like to know how much has been received for admissions. The wish, of course, is hopeless, for the Council of the Royal Institution can scarcely be called a representative body, and has, moreover, a supreme contempt for public opinion. The works which brought the highest prices were these:—

		£	s.	d.
Footprints on the Sands of Time	C. Rossiter	150	0	0
The Restoration, or the Tables Turned	G. E. Hicks	136	10	0
Torrent, North Wales	R. Harwood	60	0	0
Early Risers	J. A. Vinter	60	0	0
Winter Scene	A. de Leeud	45	0	0
Jacques	H. C. Whaite	42	0	0
Seaweed Gatherers at the Mumbles	H. J. Holding	40	0	0
Early in the Morning	R. Burnier	40	0	0
Hall of Columns, Upper Egypt	J. A. Benwell	36	15	0
The Terrace, Haddon Hall	John Chase	36	15	0
The Wife of Camille Desmoulins	John Absolon	35	0	0
The Campagna, Winter	J. C. Moore	35	0	0

Of the 631 works exhibited, fifty-seven were portraits and other pictures painted on commission, or otherwise disposed of before the opening, and eight were lent. The works lent included the two which have been the cause of so much controversy in connection with the award of the prize, namely, Mr. F. Madox Brown's Elijah and the Widow's Son, the property of Mr. Frederick Craven, and Mr. Keeley Halswelle's Roba di Roma, the property of Mr. James Gibson Craig. No fewer than 470 works remained unsold at the close of the Exhibition, and will have to be returned to their authors.

OVERWORK AT THE MANCHESTER SESSIONS.

Industry itself may be all very well, but the people who practise it will be all very ill, if they do so very long under the tutelage of Mr. West, Q.C. Beginning work at half-past nine in the morning and continuing it with only about fifteen minutes break till ten o'clock at night, is barbarism. It does nicely for a recorder who lives in London and has no particular engagements of a night to endeavour to get his work done and be off as soon as possible. But it doesn't do at all for jurymen who are deprived of their evening's arm-chair and tobacco, and whose teas are getting cold at home while they are getting very warm (with righteous indignation) in the box—to say nothing of the walloping awaiting them upon making their appearance. It is very hard upon the witnesses who have to keep on hanging about those dreary courts, in that sticky atmosphere peculiar to the administration of justice. It is an unjust tax upon the time of the officers of the court, who don't get paid for working overtime. It is an inconvenience to the reporters, who must at any rate keep looking in. And it is a nuisance to the bar which finds seven hours of law at once sufficient for any man. People have to work hard enough in these days without being nigger-driven like this.

THE GERMANS IN MANCHESTER.

"Germans are always ready for education, for music, for art, for talk about music and art, and generally speaking, for all that the natural heart of the unreclaimed Englishman detests. The best part of Manchester society consists of the German families settled there."

OUR text is taken from a recent number of the *Saturday Review*, dated 27th November, 1869. We are particular in mentioning the date as some of our readers may be curious to refer to the article, which is entitled "German Emigrants." Should they do so, they will be rewarded by the perusal of an essay well worthy of the paper in which it appears; and, in saying this, we exhaust our eulogy, for—notwithstanding a certain species of superciliousness born, perhaps, more of the head than of the heart—there can be little doubt that the *Saturday Review* affords to thinking people who are fond of current newspaper literature, and who like to take their reading in fragments, a delightful opportunity for recreation. One cannot look through a number of the *Saturday*, certainly one cannot read through one (does any one ever do so?) without marvel at the self-abnegation of anonymous newspaper writers, who throw away from week to week a wealth of powerful writing, but whose names will seldom be known beyond their own immediate circle. We must not, however, stop to discuss anonymous leader-writing here. Our attention to the leader in question was drawn by the mention of Manchester as harbouring, in the persons of her German inhabitants, a very wholesome element, and we considered it only due to our German fellow-citizens to endorse generally, if not wholly, the eulogistic remarks of our august contemporary, though to say that "the best part of Manchester society" is German, would appear likely to leave us, in the event of a German exodus, rather a social Sahara.

It is not our business now to deal with the general question of "German Emigrants," but rather to devote a column of study to those whose mark upon social and mercantile life in Manchester is almost as conspicuous as the *Saturday Review* describes it to be. We must begin at the mercantile end of the story, because that is indispensable. How many of us know the vision of the tall, raw German lad, with his amazing over-coat, tightly strapped trousers, and circumcised hat, blithely walking down Oxford Road in a morning to his new vocation in a Manchester counting-house, and longing for the time when he may cut off his German Sartorism and glory in the dignity of a real English Schneiderdom. He is only eighteen years of age, but already he looks through Manchester to more distant regions of industry—to the farthermost Ind, to the golden domain of John Chinaman, to the glittering spoils of Mexico. But chance or fortune may, after all, keep him here, as it has done many of his predecessors, who are now prominent people amongst us, and whose sons and daughters have grafted themselves on to the Stammbäume of old England. Some grey heads in Manchester can

remember such a vision as we have pictured it by tapping their memories of thirty years ago; we are not certain that we cannot do so ourselves. During that period and long before that, the Germans have teemed over here from Hamburg, from Bremen, from Frankfort, from the valleys of the Rhine, the Maine, and the Neckar, from the Black Forest, from wild Bohemia, and from that jolly metropolis of which it has been truly written—"Es gibt nur ein Kaiserstadt gibt nur ein Wien." Some of these foreign immigrants have lived and died here; some have lived and not died— some of whom, we should be almost ready to say, "may they live for ever! A conspicuous figure, who was formerly as well known on his horse on the Withington Road as the Commendatore in *Don Juan*, was one of these. If you take your stand on the Bruhlscher Terrasse, at Dresden, you may behold the spot where the Commendatore lives yet; and if you try to gratify your natural desire to see the gentleman again, by paying him a visit, you will get a hearty welcome, and only be asked for the the last Manchester news in exchange for a good dinner.

This constant stream of German blood, coming into our midst, must, as the *Saturday Review* remarks, have necessarily influenced the tone of society in this city. The process has been slow, but it has been gradual, and we have it now prominently at last. It has naturally been assisted during the last dozen or fifteen years by the increased intercourse with Germany itself, which the progress of continental travel has brought about. People who have spent a few months in Germany, and who have learnt a little of the habits of the Germans at home, have fallen more readily into the tastes and the modes of thought of the Anglo-Germans of whom they hear and see so much in Manchester. It is not because the Germans, as compared with other foreigners, are so much more numerous here, that the amalgamation of tastes has supervened, and that, whilst to the ordinary Englishman, the other aliens have remained aliens, the Germans have been exceptionally received by the reluctant Briton as friends. The cause of our friendship for the Germans is much deeper than their mere numerical force. Of all the European nationalities the German has the greatest faculty of assimilation. He usually—we may almost say invariably brings a fair knowledge, at all events a readable knowledge of our language with him, and he proceeds to read *The Times* as naturally as he would the *Hamburger Börsenhalle*, or the *Weser Zeitung*, or the *Frankfurter Journal* at home. He takes an interest at once in our complicated system of jurisprudence, and delights to read over our trials for murder, and our breach of promise and divorce cases, innocently looking upon the Barons of the Exchequer as noblemen who have succeeded regularly to their offices from the time of the Plantagenets. Similarly the first lord of the treasury rather confuses him, especially when that minister is not, like Sir Robert Peel or Mr. Disraeli or Mr. Gladstone, a lord at all. In fact the German has to grope his way carefully amongst the stumbling blocks of English titles altogether, and cannot refrain from speaking of lawyers as doctors—such as Dr. William Sale and Dr. Stephen Heelis—an hallucination which the white neckcloth of the former of those learned gentlemen rather tends to strengthen. Mr. Sale, amongst the Germans, may be regarded as a nursing father in a legal sense. The Germans feel comfortable with him, as most of his clients do, and he midwifes their grievances out of them with amazing tact, and pilots them through the quicksands and amongst the cruel rocks of British law, and they believe in him and abide by his advice.

The Germans manifest at the very outset a sympathy for English ways. Not that they do this heedlessly or without reserve. On the contrary they are keen critics, and now and again rather severe ones. We know of no better regimen for a "Stock-Englander," overdone with that insular conceit which we are glad to think is fast wearing off, than a turn of talk with an intelligent German over his vesper cigar. The German, on these occasions, ordinarily endowed with much more acquired knowledge than his antagonist, and having preeminently good historical resources, moves along like a steam stone-crushing machine, and you find it difficult to get out of his way, simply because he fills up the whole width of the road. He takes nothing for granted, and he puzzles his assailant by the freshness of his ideas and by the practical issues which he presents; but there is no acerbity, no carping at things because they are English and not German. The main principles of the English systems, social as well as political, he understands the meaning of much better than the mass of Englishmen themselves, and any Englishman, who ventures upon ground of that character, and tries to take liberties because of the foreignness of his interlocutor, should be careful what he is about, or he will undoubtedly get a painful back-fall. All the nonsense about the theoretical character of German political ideas—of the ideal nature of the musings of pipe-smoking German professors—will then vanish as the smoke of the pipe itself, and a hard residuum of common sense be left for you to knock your head against.

How well informed the middle-class Germans are may be gathered from the fact that the typical young German, turned loose into an English counting-house after his home apprenticeship, is, in all technical senses, and in the knowledge of the alphabet of his vocation, as accomplished then as he ever will be during his whole career. He has not, of course, that experience which can only be derived from active participation in business affairs, but all the regulation weapons required for mercantile life are ready, and not rusty, in his armoury. If you bang him against a British boy from a classical and commercial academy, the chances are ten to one that in the writing of a business letter, for instance, he beats the B. B. upon his own ground. It must be confessed that this is not a very difficult task, as the British boy's faculties for "acknowledging the esteemed favours" of his master's correspondents are of the most shadowy character, and in a treatise about "handing you the enclosed bill of lading," the British tyro becomes insolvent and has to call his creditors together the first go off. It is lamentable to have to write this; but it is nevertheless true, and we commend it to the earnest consideration of all the classical and commercial academies in these islands. That most powerful monarch "singular nominative Rex a king!" blocks the path to much useful knowledge in our commercial academies, though we hesitate to speak disrespectfully of that rampagious beast.

In his gradual absorption of English habits and customs, there is one particular in which the German fails. He is not a good church-goer, but he shows his respect for this grand feature in English society by making some lame excuses for his neglect of the British sanctuary. Foremost in these excuses is the splendid "crammer" that he does not understand the services; then that the services are too long; and then, perhaps, the pardonable excuse that he objects to go to any place where one gentleman monopolizes all the conversation. We cannot wonder that even a clever German should get bewildered amongst the devious pathways of the Prayer Book of the Church of England, with its vain repetitions and exhaustive and complicated entanglements; but there are other forms of worship which are simple even to plainness, and where the plea of incomprehension will not avail at all. It has thus become a charge against the Germans, that they studiously neglect the means of grace, and are materialists and Sabbath-

breakers. We believe this charge to be groundless. Before we can substantiate the accusation of Sabbath-breaking we must first understand what the Sabbath is. The Germans and the bulk of the English disagree so terribly in this particular, that perhaps in our time the question will never be settled. But that the Germans are wanting in religious sentiment, that they have not before them as vividly as ourselves the great leading principles of the Christian faith, or that they do not manifest those principles in their daily life and conversation, are arguments which we cannot condescend to notice. In all the outward and visible signs of a religious and godly life, saving the church going, they are, as a class, particularly fruitful, and even the clergy and the pulpy pietists who assail them in this respect always take very good care to suppress their shocked emotions when they have to push a religious subscription list, or to beg for a new church. The neologic German cheque is then as good as the subscription of the most highly plethoric vessel of the unco' gude school. Heretic "brass" is then as acceptable as the baubees of the faithful. Where, indeed, is there a subscription list of any kind in Manchester to which the Germans do not yield a willing reception? Some of the best of the kindly institutions which minister to the sick and the needy owe their origin mainly to them.

In respect of art, we owe the Germans much; in respect of musical art, we may be said to owe them everything—that is to say, in the strict sense of art—and this is not merely true of the public musical displays, but of the development of a musical taste in the domestic circles of our city, in which Mendelssohn and Beethoven are now household words, whereas twenty years ago they were well-nigh unknown.

That which the Germans profess to hold at all they hold with a firm grip and with assurance. Their sentiment is the expression of a solid belief, and not the evanescent outgoing of an ill-digested one. We have always considered that the imputation of idealism and sentimentalism, pure and simple, as respects these people, was the vainest and most intangible of all imputations. Nothing can be falser. If they have one prominent characteristic more than another, it is that they are eminently practical. In music, for instance, they demand an almost drudging knowledge of the art through and through, before they will allow you to take liberties with it. And so, throughout the whole range of their education—which must above all things be practical and thorough—after which you may refine and imaginize everlastingly. We have much to learn from them if we will only do so. We are doing so to some extent, and we are proud, or should be so, of their tutelage. Yet their sense of fairness and of the give-and-take theory is so keen, that we feel confident they would be the first to admit that the learning is not all on one side, and that whilst they, in many instances, communicate good things to us in their daily intercourse, we are able to offer them a compensation in some other particulars, which they not only tacitly recognize, but which they would willingly and even eagerly admit.

DESERTED CHURCHES.

4.—ALL SOULS, EVERY STREET, ANCOATS.

THE street, we think, was there before the church was built, but there is such a curious sympathy or "synonymosity" between the name of street and church, that no materials for determining the precedence of either can be extracted from the names themselves. A wicked tradition asserts that the church got the name of All *Souls* because no-*body* went there, but reliance cannot fairly be placed on that, for the place must have been named at the time it was built. No doubt some clerical wag suggested the name as a kind of patronymic, showing a trace of the street, but why there should have been a necessity to go to the Un-reformed Calendar for it, while there was All Saints left in the modern, doesn't seem clear. To be sure there was an All Saints in Oxford Road, and perhaps the clergy have a sort of property or "trade mark" in the names of their churches, to imitate which is felony.

Having been one day to visit the Ancoats Free Library, we found that All Souls was only a short distance further up the street, and we made up our mind to visit the church on the next available Sunday. On such a day we skirted the fortifications of the Midland Railway Company, near Pin Mill Brow, and, turning to the right by that most desolate looking pile, Ancoats Hall, we wended our way up Every Street. Now Every Street, we should think, seldom wears a cheerful or gay aspect, but when a drizzling mist pervades the atmosphere of a winter's morning its general appearance is, to say the least of it, dull. All Souls Church is built in strict accordance with the general tone of the situation. It is built of dull red brick, stands with its "north-side" almost close to the footpath, on the right-hand side of the street, and carries two or three heavy-looking pinnacles on the roof, which neither serve for bell-turrets nor ornaments, nor anything else that we could discover, except to increase the air of depression that the whole thing wears, and offer some excuse for the want of any tower or heaven-directed spire. Entering by the west-door into an enclosed porch, we found a large space shut off from the body of the church by a high screen. Through this we passed by a side door, under the guidance of an attendant sprite in a short black mantle, to a pew, when we found the service just being begun by the curate, the Rev. Mr. Whitehead, who read the prayers. On looking round, we found that the ground-floor was intersected lengthways by a broad passage with a few high-backed forms in the middle, occupied by five or six poor old men and women, and that all the pew doors opened into one or other of the side aisles. There were large galleries along each side, and a very large one at the west-end, in which the organ stands. The organ was very badly played, and the singing appeared to be done by the Sunday School children, who were clustered in the west gallery near the organ. The day was very cold and the building seemed to be without any warming apparatus as far as we could feel, and although we are naturally one of the warm-blooded animals we gradually became colder and colder.

The rector, the Rev. C. B. Holder, came into the church and occupied one of the side pews by himself. He wore a black gown, probably for warmth, knowing the place. He seemed unable to stay in his seat, for he left it frequently, once to speak to the curate at the reading desk, and five times to go to the vestry. We guessed he went there to stir up the fire and warm himself. Then he went again, at the end of morning prayer, and returned in his surplice, and proceeded to the Communion-table and read the Communion Service, and again to the vestry, whence he issued in black gown again and bands, "as before," and preached the sermon. The rector has a soft, clear voice, and spoke with a slow distinctness of articulation and enunciation which seemed as if it had been the one thing he had, above all others, most carefully cultivated. The subject of his sermon was the similarity of the piety evinced by the Old Testament and New Testament persons, and, as a moral essay, was neatly and even daintily put together. We could shut our eyes and fancy we were listening to a sermon in a fashionable West-end church, or even a Chapel Royal. It did not interest many people, we know, for there were but few there. There were six people before us and two behind, and in the side pews were two men, an old woman with a large shawl, and a private soldier, who looked as if he had missed his way to the neighbouring Roman Catholic Chapel, and was waiting for mass to begin. On the other half of the church we tried to count a score, but couldn't quite manage that, though very nearly. The gallery near us we could not see the contents of, but the opposite gallery held five people who did not seem, like the few others there, to belong to the Sunday-school. There was, of course, nothing after the sermon, and we were glad of an opportunity to move our chilled and stiffened limbs, even in the comfortless air of the streets of "the brief November day."

All Souls is a large, roomy church, and in an about-the-average state of repair. It has, we observe by our trusty authority the *Diocesan Calendar*, sittings for 1,400 persons, and the income is £300. The parish to which it ministers is stated to have a population of over eleven

thousand. The last incumbent of it, and we think he was the first also, was the Rev. Dr. Warren, who was a dissenter from the dissenters, being a seceder from one of the Methodist bodies. He, or his co-secessionists, or both together, built that chapel at the corner of Greek Street, in Grosvenor Street, in which for some years he ministered, or did what is or was done in tabernacles. This was called the Tabernacle, and his congregation were called Warrenites. But either Warrenism didn't flourish, or the Church of England was in danger of falling to pieces and was recommended to "try Warren;" or for some other or many another reason, Dr. Warren deserted those few sheep in the wilderness of the Tabernacle, and sought and was received into the Church of England, and was appointed to All Souls. The living, we see, is in the gift of the Cathedral Chapter. Dr. Warren held the incumbency for some years after his ability to discharge its duties were gone, and to his neglect may, no doubt, be attributed the comparatively deserted condition of the church. Mr. Holder has held the living since 1862, but Mrs. Partington's broom would be almost as effectual against the Atlantic as one polite meek little man is to cope with the errors, ignorance, poverty, and vice of such a large and populous parish as this.

However, we are given to understand that the present congregation is an improvement upon what it was, and that almost all are hearty and striving advocates of the faith they profess. We are also glad to be informed that Mr. Whitehead, the curate, has been engaged all day and all evening long, ever since he came, in incessant and unwearying pastoral work. We were even invited to go and hear him preach. Having heard such a character of him, we went one Sunday evening. We can only say we hope the rev. gentleman's pastoral visitation is more effective than his preaching; indeed we have no doubt of it. He suffers from the defects of early training, for which he is not altogether answerable; but want of experience he will overcome, and want of reading he can, and ought in the interests of himself and the Church, to remedy. He wound up his discourse, a Calvinistic rhapsody on faith, by exhorting all to give liberally to the appeal "that will now be made," and then box-armed officials quickly invaded every pew. We gave our "mite," as it is common to say, and hope it will further "the cause," but what the cause was we knew and know "no more than that that never was," as our poor old aunt used to say. There was no placard at the door, no notice of a collection, no intimation of any kind on the subject, so we could only conclude that it was in aid of the curate's stipend, and he was too modest to mention it, and that like Katterfelto with his hair on end at his own wonders, wondering for his bread.

Mr. Holder, since a recent illness, resides at Sale, and while the collection was proceeding he issued from his favourite lair, the vestry, hat in hand, spoke to the collecting official on his way down the aisle, and, smiling around, bade "a kind good-night to all."

In the evening there were about twenty-seven people on the side we sat, and about twenty, at most, on the other; and in the gallery which we could see there were about six people, and a few Sunday scholars for chorus in the anthems. We sometimes wonder how it is that the chapter do not assist these poor churches in some way. We are perhaps mistaken, but we always thought that cathedral chapters were intended as centres from which rays of sweetness and light were to issue to illuminate all such objects as these. But if the light that is within them be darkness, how great is that darkness!

AMATEUR THEATRICALS AT SALE.

SALE, like most other surburban districts, is singularly destitute of means of public entertainment. To these sources of amusement, such as they are, an addition of some importance has just been made by the formation of the Sale Amateur Dramatic Club. It is perhaps not strictly accurate, however, to describe its performances as *public* amusements. Members are enrolled on payment of a small annual subscription, in return for which each member receives two tickets for admission for each performance. The opening performance took place a few days ago at the Sale Institute, a building which must be pretty well known to all travellers on the Bowdon line. The room has a single advantage—and so far as we have been able to ascertain only one—that of being central in position and near the station. Externally it presents the appearance of a small, old-fashioned Methodist chapel, built before modern Sale existed, and when the beautiful was clearly not regarded as a necessary adjunct to the useful. The approach to the building is particularly unpleasant. It is intensely dark, dangerously steep, and hopelessly dirty. A slight divergence from the path gives a choice of exit from this mortal stage by drowning, or by the more violent agency of a broken neck. The interior phenomena of the place strengthen the Methodist chapel hypothesis. Distinct traces of the original high, straight-backed pews show themselves. The room is almost a square. One side of the square was, on this occasion, occupied by the stage, which was in consequence sufficiently broad, though somewhat wanting in depth. Indeed, after allowing space for a table and two chairs, it was a work of extraordinary difficulty for a lady and gentleman to pass each other thereon. Perhaps this absence of stage room was not an unmitigated evil. We were thus saved from the many stiff and often meaningless struttings with which dialogue is interspersed on large stages. The performance was described in the programme as a "dress" one, and little fault could be found with the attire of the audience. It was sufficiently elaborate to satisfy the most fastidious. It was pleasant to observe, amongst other distinguished people in the audience, several celebrities from other dramatic societies in the neighbourhood, including the leading comedian of the Athenæum Society, and a very old friend of ours, well known at the station, who delights to don the buskin in the service of the volunteers. No mention was made in the programme of musical interludes, an omission by which a slight injustice was done to the playing on a rather doubtful pianoforte, of a young local musician, whose latest composition has not been too well treated at the Prince's Theatre.

The performance opened, not precisely at seven, with a prologue, clever and pleasant, as the writing of Mr. Fox Turner always is, and fairly spoken by Mr. Owen. This was followed by Tom Taylor's comedy, the *Babes in the Wood*, which was once performed by the Haymarket Company during their last visit. The farce, *Lend me Five Shillings*, also a Haymarket piece, concluded the evening's amusement. Amateur actors appear to fall into one of three classes. There are those who, having full command over the words of the part, and forgetting that they are merely repeating what has been learnt by rote, are by experience and ability able to form, and more or less successfully to realize and sustain, a consistent conception of the character they represent. Others, though able to repeat the words of the part well enough, have to devote nearly all their time to the effort of memory, and have little left for the necessary action of the piece. Finally, some have either failed to learn off the words, or having once learned them, have the knowledge frightened out of them by their unusual position, and are too nervous to speak, look, or even to try to act the part. All these classes were well represented. Mr. Jeremiah Beetle was capitally played, and unquestionably came under the first division. If at times the tone of voice suggested an imitation of Mr. Compton, the imitation, as far as it went, was not a bad one, and was not close enough to suggest servile copying. Mr. W. J. Towle quite deserved the compliment paid him at the end of the comedy. Todd, the bill discounter, was a carefully-played subordinate character. Mr. Lathbury never forgot that he was the Earl of Lazenby. Certainly, that distinguished aristocrat came out rather a weak-minded old gentleman. His emotional faculty was undoubtedly cultivated to the utmost. In this particular, Frank Rushton presented a wonderful contrast to his lordship. He certainly allowed himself to be petted by his young and charming wife, but the effort was evident. He constantly took leave of her with a calm indifference which, under the circumstances, seemed quite marvellous. We cannot say that Sir George Loosestrife looked or spoke in the least like the wicked rake he is supposed to be. Mr. Slidell's representative was an admirable illustration of the last division of amateur actors. If he felt as uncomfortable as he looked, his state of mind was pitiable in the extreme. Miss Radcliffe and Mrs. Egan played the principal lady characters, and there is, consequently, no need for our criticism. This we regard as fortunate, as otherwise we might have laid ourselves open to an unfounded charge of barefaced flattery. There was certainly not an unmarried gentleman in the room who did not feel profound envy of Lady Blanche Rushton's husband, and an inward conviction that if he had been happy enough to possess that gentleman's stage privileges, he would have made a much better use of them. There are always people who find a farce enjoyable. With a certainty of missing the last train—which was, to the guard's vast indignation, detained five minutes—not a few remained to the conclusion of *Lend me Five Shillings*. The piece has only one character, that of Mr. Golightly, played in the Haymarket Company by Buckstone. The part was played with sufficient bustle by Mr. Towle. The scenery was fairly got up, and with one unhappy exception, when Beetle narrowly escaped extermination, worked well. The Sponging House would have done ample justice to the deepest dungeon of the cruellest days of the Inquisition. The whole performance was evidently much enjoyed, and it is to be hoped that the society's pecuniary may not be less than its dramatic success.

LINES TO LAICUS,

ANENT THE PRIZE PICTURE.

Lives of dull men all remind us
We should give them nothing fine,
Or we'll likely leave behind us
Jewels in the snouts of swine.

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STARTLING QUOTATIONS

which we specified in Saturday's *Guardian*, and which we should not have been in a position to announce but for the operation of two causes—the one arising from the extreme Depression of the Markets, and the other from the fact that our negotiations have all been invariably completed by means of

CASH PAYMENTS.

We are, in this manner, enabled to place before the Public, a Scale of such Prices as will commend themselves in an almost uprecedented degree to those who are desirous of obtaining their supplies from the most

ECONOMICAL SOURCES.

Having a large number of surburban visitors, we would avail ourselves of the present opportunity of adverting to the very CENTRAL and CONVENIENT LOCALITY in which our Establishment is situated. It is within a very short distance of the Victoria Terminus, where the railways from Blackburn, Preston, St. Helens, Littleborough, Wigan, Leigh, Bolton, Bury, Rochdale, Oldham, Ashton, and Stalybridge all converge; it is still nearer to the London Road Station, where the trains from Stockport, Macclesfield, Crewe, Alderley, Wilmslow, Cheadle, &c., and the whole populous district of the south and south-west of Manchester enter the city; it is within half a mile of the Oxford Road Station, at which place passengers arrive from Stretford, Sale, Ashton-on-Mersey, Altrincham, Bowdon, Knutsford, Lymm, and Warrington; and we may further state that it is not more than a few minutes' walk from the Exchange, from which place omnibuses run to the most distant suburbs.

Such is the extent of area for which, through the ENORMOUS INCREASE OF OUR BUSINESS, we have the good fortune to provide; and having resolved to accord to the public the greatest possible advantages arising from our Home and Foreign negotiations, we feel confident that during the approaching Sale, our efforts will not fail to secure an amount of approbation and success commensurate with the exertions which have been made.

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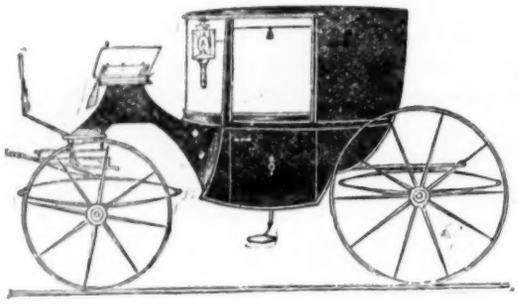
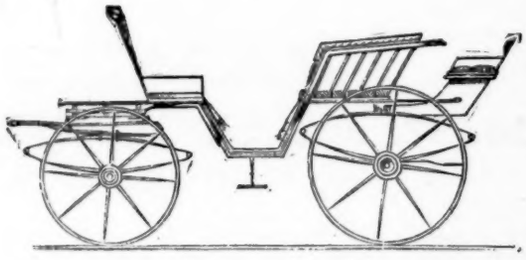
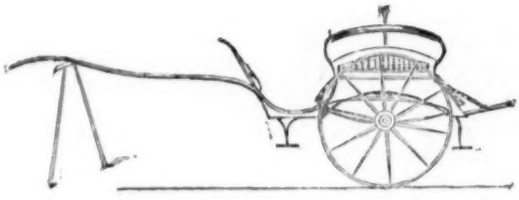
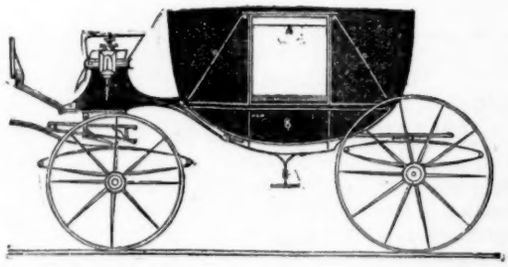




J. R. wishes to introduce to the Public his **New Racket Cart** or **Drag,** the greatest Novelty of the day, to ride low, easy of access for Ladies, and runs light, only $3\frac{1}{2}$ cwt.





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J. R. received the special commendation of the Judges at the Royal Agricultural Society's Meeting held in Manchester.

KEAN ON HIS WAY TO FAME.—Kean, who had run the gauntlet of the country round, who had eaten fire at a country fair for a few pence, and had, urged on by necessity, enacted all the feats of a clown in the circus, to the admiration of boors in a barn, for a mug of ale and a littering down of straw for the night, had so frequently pressed the hand of penury that he became quite familiar to the touch, and social with its squalidness. About two years before his first appearance at Drury Lane, he was successful enough, as he then thought, to obtain an engagement at the Haymarket, under the management of Morris; fortune smiled upon him; forty shillings a week was the temptation of affluence. It so happened that at the time when he had to enter upon this engagement, he was starring in a little village in Essex, and had to make his way to London in the best way he could, by picking up on his way what he could tempt from the clodhoppers by nightly exhibitions. Kean, unsuccessful as ever, came to the Lea River, which divides the counties of Essex and Middlesex, and found himself destitute of even one penny to pay the ferry over; the appearance of the Charon of the ferry was stern and forbidding, and the tragedian was dismayed from soliciting a free passage. So he stripped, and, making a bundle of his clothes, tied them on his head, and dashed into the water. Charon, on seeing this, called out to his dog, lying quietly at the bottom of the boat—"Here, Growler, seize him!" At the word, the dog dashed into the river, and, without ceremony, conducted poor Kean to the shore which he had just left, and, depositing him there, returned to his master. Kean, watching his opportunity, again ventured into the stream; but, as before, the dog stopped him at his owner's bidding, and he was once more conducted back. Upon this our tragedian angrily remonstrated with the ferryman, who coolly replied—"I rents this here ferry, and am not going to be cheated by the likes of you; so I keeps my dog there, old Growler, to be on the look-out." Kean was in the highest state of exasperation, but all argument was in vain. At length, confessing his poverty, the ferryman exclaimed—"What! aren't got a penny! why didn't you say so? So you've been giving me all this here trouble for nothing! Here, jump in; dress yourself, and be blamed to you!"

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

RECEIVED.—T. B. (Subjects unsuitable and offer declined); A Curious Tory; J. W. A.; and L. (declined).

THE INDEX.—The table of Contents for the second Volume is unavoidably postponed until next week. The publication of the bound copies of the second Volume is also necessarily delayed for another week.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor, *Sphinx* Office, 37, Oxford Street, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

Business communications and advertisements should be addressed to Messrs. J. G. KERSHAW & Co., "Main" Printing Offices, 37, Oxford-st Manchester.

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SPORTS AND PASTIMES IN MANCHESTER.

The following articles and descriptive sketches have appeared in the *Sphinx*:—

No.
34.—Crossing Swords with Her Majesty's Inniskillings.
37.—A Bicycle Race at the Free Trade Hall.
39.—The Cumbrian and Westmorland Wrestlers.
40.—Gymnastics Again: Another Death.
41.—Owens College Athletic Sports.
43.—Lancashire *v.* Surrey, at Old Trafford.
44.—The Bicycle Contests at the Amphitheatre.
46.—An Assault-of-Arms at the Free Trade Hall.
47.—The Match between Lancashire and Sussex.
48.—The Athletic Festival.
49.—Amateur *v.* Professional Cricket.
49.—Athletic Fete at Longsight.
50.—Mode of Awarding Athletic Prizes.
51.—Lancashire Cricketers in the South.
52.—Pedestrianism *v.* Gymnastics.
53.—Lancashire *v.* Warwickshire.
54.—Swimming Races at the Mayfield Bath.
54.—Manchester *v.* Broughton.
55.—Lancashire *v.* Sussex.
56.—The Great Boat Race: Oxford *v.* Harvard.
64.—Billiards: Cook's Extraordinary Feat.
66.—Billiards without the Spot Stroke.
67.—Football: Manchester *v.* Liverpool.
68.—Opening of the Winter Gymnastic Season.
68.—Football: Manchester *v.* Sale.

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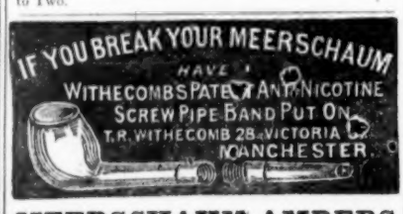
N.B.—The day performances will be in every respect the same as those every evening at seven.
Prices as usual. Children half price to Stalls, Dress Circle, and Upper Circle. Box-office open from Eleven to Two.



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